

aid procure an act enabling them, by a vote of the majority in town meeting to alter at their pleasure all the conditions by which they obtained subscribers to this stock. They now ask the town to accept their altered conditions and place itself on the footing of a common stockholder.

Tax-payers! these managers obtained your assent to their scheme on pretences that they must have known were false. You trusted them, were deceived, and will you trust them again? No doubt they will attempt some apology for their dishonesty, but their apology will be as false and baseless as the promises by which they obtained your signatures.

If they succeed, the town is mortgaged for \$75,000 to build a road somewhere—these men know not, care not where. By the amended Lamont Railroad charter, they can intersect with the existing roads where they please, and sustain their own interests. The town of Swanton will, in the result, be gratified to find it has paid \$75,000 to bring another railroad into St. Albans. But this \$75,000 is not the end of the matter. By the act of 1867 the town was limited to twelve times the amount of its grand list, being about \$84,000, but send Messrs. Burt and Catlin, or others like them to Montpelier, get this restriction stricken out as the conditions of the contract have been, by an Act amending it, and all the property in town is at the mercy of these managers.

If the tax-payers of Swanton wish to avoid this result let them attend the town meeting, on the 26th of December, and vote down these notorious schemes.

Dec. 21st, 1868.

B. H. SMALLEY.

Vermont Daily Transcript.

ST. ALBANS, VT.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1868.

Christmas.

This festive day is again upon us, and on all sides busy preparations are going on for its observance. We are glad to note the fact that Christmas Day is more generally observed in this country than it was twenty-five or thirty years ago. Old men and young men now hail its advent with the most joyful feelings. The giving and receiving of presents, is a marked feature of the day, is universally practiced and brings joy and gladness to many a heart. The day is somewhat differently observed by different nations. In Norway, for instance, it is observed as a national feast; by poor as well as rich. In the mountain districts, we are told that all business is suspended for thirteen days. The entrance of every house is decorated, and the walls of the kitchens are roughly adorned with gaudy pictures, fantastically painted. Throughout Christmas Day the merry making is confined to the members of the household. On the following days the neighbors assemble at each others houses by turns for carousing. Open house is kept, and no one is allowed to leave until he has partaken of the yule ale.

In Greece the churches are adorned in the gayest manner. In Sweden there is hung up in front of every house on Christmas Day a small sheaf of wheat for the winter protection of the birds who, it is supposed, would perish from cold were it not done. Long-clothes thus speak of Christmas celebrations in Sweden. The Swedish peasants dance on straw, and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in the crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed! For pious souls there shall be church-songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls and the great yule cake, crowned with cheese and garlanded with apples and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They will tell tales of Jons Lams-brocker and Lunkens and Great Rid-dar Finke, of Pigsdala.

The American observance of Christmas is, we think, more preferable and appropriate. But we did not set out to write a Christmas sermon, but merely to call the attention of our readers to the matter that we have selected for this day's reading, and to greet them with a "Merry Christmas." That they may live to see the return of many Christ-mases, each more joyful than the preceding, and that sorrows may be kept clear from their pathways during their journey through life, is the sincere wish of the TRANSCRIPT.

Curious Christmas Customs in the West of England.

In the extreme west of England there is a curious custom at Christmas time of saluting the apple-trees, which is thus described: "In some places the parishioners walk in procession, visiting the principal orchards in the parish. In each orchard one tree is selected as the representative of the rest; this is saluted with a train of words, which have in them the word of invocation. They then sprinkle the tree with cider, or dash a bowl of cider against it, to insure its bearing plentifully the ensuing year. In other places the farmer and his ser-

vants only assemble on the occasion, and, after immersing apples in cider, hang them on the apple-trees. They then sprinkle the tree with cider, and after a formal invocation, dance around it (or, rather, round them), and return to the farm house to conclude these solemn rites with copious draughts of cider."

Christmas in Germany.

A writer in the *Methodist* discusses the customs in Germany. *Aprons* of the holidays, he says:

None know better how to make "presents" or to invent souvenirs. For a German not to know the birthday, and wedding anniversary of all his intimate friends, and not to commemorate them by some token of affection, however slight (for the value is nothing compared to the sentiment), is a barbarism, a sacrilege. In large families these commemorative presents, reaching from the grandparent to the yearling child, and extending to all dear friends, keep up, of course, an almost continuous exchange of kindly attentions and love-letters; and the Germans have quite universally a peculiar method of exchanging these beautiful little tokens with drama in surprise, so as to render the "manner" infinitely more precious than the "matter." The lowliest village school-master's birthday is known to all his rustic flock, and his cottage on that day is a shrine of pilgrimage to all the little feet of the hamlet. Flowers, books, cheeses, loaves of bread, embroidered slippers, chickens, geese, even young pigs, are showered upon him. He is decked with bouquets, and his humble home garlanded within and without, he is addressed in original drolleries, and serenaded with music and dancing. And thus, also, fares the village pastor; and all these things are done so heartily, so joyously, as to be evidently spontaneous, never ceremonious—as much a joy to the donors as to the recipients. Add to these domestic occasions the public festive days of the Church and the State, and you can imagine that German life is holidays enough. Christmas and similar days are occasions of incredible festivities throughout Germany. Santa Claus has no better dominion.

A Christmas Mystery.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

I never could quite understand my strange liking for the Count. We had but few feelings in common, and he despised the pursuits I followed and the tastes I cultivated. But that as it may, I am bound to confess that, in spite of his eccentricities, I did in a mysterious sort of way cotton to the fellow.

I must digress here a little, in order to state that the Count was a college nickname, bestowed upon one Charles Peebles. He had little sympathy with the muscular activity of college life, was even a little of a peevish fellow, and one day he suggested to me the possibility of his quitting the embraces of Alma Mater for a more exhilarating and active profession.

The Count left college; I remained, and graduated. I went to London and read for the bar, and to my intense surprise who should turn up one day in the hall of Lincoln's Inn but my old friend the Count. Tired—as usual—of chambers in London, he had forgotten out a deserted tower on the top of a high hill in Gloucestershire, of which, for the noble sum of £2 a year, he had become the sole possessor.

I have had some St. Olave's men down there staying with me off and on," said old Charles, and with a harmless innocence added, "they call it 'the Count's folly.'"

"But what are you going to do? Are you going to stay there moping all your life?"

"No, I am not."

"What then?"

"I am going to be married."

"Well, I congratulate you. When is it to be?"

"Before Christmas."

"Then, I suppose you will abandon the tower?"

"Well, not just yet. Lilly, who lives in the neighborhood, wishes, after a short honeymoon, to come back and spend Christmas at the tower; and she gave me special instructions to bring down what friends I liked, in order to try, if possible, to make up a jolly party, with you being one."

"I really accepted the invitation."

"It is but fair to add with reference to a surmise of mine, *apropos* for the future Countess, that Charles told me how for some months he had been a serious invalid, and that the aforesaid Lilly had nursed him through a dangerous illness."

"I never took my meals regularly," he said, "and consequently my digestive organs got altogether out of order."

"So it was that Lilly nursed the Count, and the Count fell in love with Lilly?"

"Snow! snow! snow! nothing but cheerfulness and everlasting snow!"

I shuddered as I thought of the Count's castle on the top of the deserted Gloucestershire hill, and bitterly repented me of my promise to spend Christmas at the Count's folly. However, there was no getting out of it now. If the Count could run, I could too; and as the snow continued and the train did not run, I prepared myself for my journey.

It was necessary, as the Count told me, to go to the nearest station to his castle while daylight lasted, as I should have to trudge it from the little village at the foot of the hill, there being no means of getting any vehicle within a good mile of his extraordinary residence.

I obeyed his injunctions, but the train was of course late. It was dark when I got to the station, and I was landed in a snow-drift, which came up to my knees; it was darker still when I got to the little village at the foot of the hill. It was blowing hard snowing bitterly, and no one seemed inclined to guide me to my friend's hospital mansion. There was nothing for it but to sleep at the little village. The weather might be more propitious in the morning. My surmises did not turn out to be correct. Christ-mas-day dawned, and the weather was as cheerful as ever. Any thing was preferable to sitting in a cold bed and plim-bing in the miserable little inn in which I had passed the night, so, shouldering my traps, I trudge forward up a winding-path to the castle on the hill-top. The Count gave me a warm and

sincere welcome, and his wife—not a bad looking woman, but a woman with a worn uneasy-looking face, and a cold and un sympathetic pair of eyes—accompanied my plim in defying the elements and keeping my promises. I soon saw that I was the only one of the Count's friends who had kept faith with him, and that I was destined to eat my Christmas dinner alone with my host and his newly-married wife.

There was evidently something the matter. I had never before seen my old friend look so utterly wretched and depressed.

I could not help noticing that the Count's wife never left us alone for an instant. I should have liked to have had a word or two with my old friend, but all my efforts to do so before dinner failed signally.

After some hours of dreary and desultory conversation, dinner-time approached. Charles's wife prepared to leave us to dress for dinner. Now, I thought, was my time for a word or two with her. I went up to my own little turret more than ever amazed at their extraordinary conduct. We soon met again, and dinner in due time was announced. She happened to precede us down stairs, as the staircase was too narrow and winding to allow of my offering her my arm. Charles followed last. When we had got half way down I felt my shoulder clutched, and Charles whispered excitedly in my ear:

"Don't turn round or talk to me now. For heaven's sake, don't touch the maid's dishes!"

"Don't touch the made dishes! What an awful warning!"

Our faces during dinner would have made an excellent study for a physiognomist, if there is such a creature in existence. It was a dinner of winks. Chops played a very pretty part in the little domestic drama. All dinner time Mrs. Peebles was persuading her husband to try a truce, and Charles, during the intervals of persuasion, was winking in a "don't-take-any-notice" sort of manner. Charles gave then a horrified wink, and Mrs. Peebles gained the day, for Charles did try a truce, but I noticed that he scraped off every atom of sauce, and contented himself with eating the heart of the chop, leaving all the outside, which had come into contact with the evidently obnoxious sauce.

When the Count had performed this feat, and the dinner and entrees had disappeared, his wife cheered up. But the Count was dull—hopelessly dull.

We were left alone at last. Charles's wife retired, and I did not drag her husband away with her this time. It was up in the little smoking-room, on the same floor as Charles's bedroom, that he opened his heart to me and begged my advice.

"It is an awful thing to say," he began, "but I am in a daily, almost hourly, fear of losing my life. My wife is either a demon or a monomaniac, and she is meditating, nay, day by day preparing, my destruction."

"Good heavens, what do you mean?"

"There was a wild, scared look in the Count's face, as he continued:

"Those outlets we had for dinner to-day were poisoned! Not one day since I have been married have I sat down with the unhappy creature I call my wife that I had not placed before me some poisoned dish. I made the discovery the day before I was married, and I never had one happy moment since. A confidential servant who had lived with me here before I was married, first opened my eyes to this matter. Imagine my terror when I was suddenly awakened to the fact that I was a victim to the horrors of slow poisoning. The confidential servant—an old housekeeper—did not remain here long. But you shall see and judge for yourself. This is just about her time."

I stared at the Count in astonishment, and began to think that the insane peculiarities were as strong in him as they were in his wife. It was getting late now, and the wind whistled through the deserted corners of the turret, howling and moaning as it went, screaming down the wide chimneys, and creeping through the cracks and crevices in the ill fitting doors.

The Count motioned to me to keep silent, and, rising from his chair, listened intently at the door.

"Twelve o'clock," he said, "she knows that I shall be coming to bed in about a quarter of an hour. She should be here by now."

Suddenly we heard the quiet creak of a door gently opened, and almost immediately afterwards the rustle of drapery outside.

"There she is! Now is your time!" I stood in mute astonishment. "Off with your boots, man. There is not a minute to be lost."

It did not take me long to throw off my light boots. The Count noisily and suddenly opened the door, and pointed: "There! there!"

Then through the dim corridors, as quietly as a cat, I pursued a figure in white, holding a lighted candle, and disappearing down the staircase. Stealthily and on tiptoe—luckily without looking behind her—she crept down stairs. Cautiously, and holding my breath as I went, I followed her.

We reached the basement floor, but she never halted there. Down we went lower and lower still. These were unknown regions to me, but still I felt bound to follow the light and my mysterious guide.

A faint smell of cooking, or rather the remains of cooking, reached my nostrils, and I guessed that we had penetrated into the mysteries of the kitchen. My guide turned a sharp round to the left.

It was the kitchen. I did not follow her quite into the room, but took up my position just outside the door, and with my face peered round the corner and looked in. I had here a perfect view of all that was going on.

She never hesitated a moment, but walked deliberately to the dresser, on which lay a plate of inviting-looking sausages, evidently awaiting the dawn of day and the welcome advent of breakfast, and deposited them and her flat candlestick on the kitchen-table. From a pocket in her flowing white garment, as my horror, I saw her produce a bottle. It contained no liquid, merely powder, it seemed to me. She powdered the sausages, looked at them with a gaze of triumph, and put them back again to rest during the night on the dresser. I had witnessed with my own eyes

her horrible crime; and the Count—perhaps I myself—was to partake the next morning of two fatal sausages. I could not help it. I groaned.

She started, and, seeing that it was no longer of any use to hide myself, I appeared in the doorway, assuming the earnest and most formidable expression of countenance I could call up.

"So you have found me out, have you?" said she, merrily, "and already? Well, you are a cleverer man than I took you for. I have been married seven weeks to Charles, and he has not yet discovered my trick."

"Trick! Is this the way you allude to your fearful crimes? How dare you talk like that to one seeing what I have seen—knowing what I know now?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, that you are plotting against your husband's life."

"How, in heaven's name?"

"By slow poison!"

"What?"

"You have been attempting to destroy poor Charles's life. Give me that bottle."

Again she laughed—this time merrily and well. She produced the bottle, and pointed to the label:

"Bragg's Patent Charcoal Powder!"

"For dyspepsies," she said again laughing more than ever, "and a most useful medicine. I strongly advise your taking some."

The mystery was soon explained. Indeed, we seated ourselves in the deserted kitchen, and she gave me a full and faithful account of her wanderings to these deserted regions. I have alluded before to Charles's serious illness, and the plucky way in which his wife nursed him through it. Therein lay the mystery of the charcoal. The Count was always a nervous and fidgety fellow about himself; and the more medicine he had to take, and the more fuss that was made about his ailments, the worse it was to him.

His digestive organs were in a very bad state, and the doctor and his wife put their heads together as to the best method of that should be adopted for restoring his foot diseased without his knowing anything about it. The doctor prescribed the powdered charcoal, and his wife was to administer it in the best manner she thought fit.

The kitchen convention was soon at an end, and in a far different manner from that in which we had entered the kitchen we wended our way up stairs again. But still we had to keep our own counsel. The Count was to know nothing of the case for six weeks more, by which time a certain cure was to be effected.

Accordingly, I seconded his wife in her laudable efforts to deceive, and at the end of my time left my friend still under the impression that he was the victim of circumstances, and was gradually coming to an untimely end.

However, at Easter time, I went down to the turret again; and then, over a bottle of the very best sherry I ever drank, and the finest cigar I ever smoked, we had a thoroughly good laugh—all of it—over the "Christmas Mystery."

Special Notices.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

THE ADVERTISER, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertisement is to send the prescription to the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable to him. Every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost him nothing, and may prove a blessing.

For the full prescription, please address: H. T. HELMBOLD, Dr. and Chemist, 504 Broadway, N. Y.

165 South Street, N. Y., Williamsburg, King's County, New York. 247-ly

ERRORS OF YOUTH

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Such persons wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence,

JOHN B. OGDEN, No. 42 Cedar Street, New York.

P. O. Try a box of Pe and the Plantain

ointment. The best in the world. Take no other, but insist on having this. For sale by all Druggists and Country Dealers.

D. F. W. POLAND, N. Y. Manufacturer.

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY.

Dr. J. W. POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND, Cures Croup, Whooping Coughs, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally.

It is a remarkable remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other Complaints.

Boston, Jan. 20, 1868.

POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND.—After having given it a thorough trial we can confidently recommend Poland's White Pine Compound as a very valuable article for the cure of colds, coughs, and pulmonary complaints generally. In several cases we have known it to give prompt relief when all other remedies had been tried and failed. It is an article, which in a climate so prone to sudden and severe colds as is that of New England, ought to be in every family; and we are sure that those who once obtain it and give it a fair trial, will not thereafter be willing to be without it.

Boston Journal.

A VALUABLE MEDICINE.—Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns, is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials to its value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all those cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our Druggists. (N. Y. Advt.)

The White Pine Compound is now sold in every part of the United States and British Provinces. Prepared at the New England Botanical Depot, Boston, Mass. 239-47

Information.

Information guaranteed to produce a luxuriant growth of hair upon a bald head, or a beardless face, also a recipe for the removal of pimples, blotches, eruptions, etc., on the skin, leaving the same soft, clear, and beautiful, can be obtained without charge by addressing

THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist, 66-ly 820 Broadway, New York.

CANCER, SCROFULA, DYSPEPSIA, LIVER Complaint, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c., cured. A book of 100 pages, sent free to invalids. Address R. GREENE, M. D., 10 Temple Place, Boston.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

To Physicians.

New York, August 15th, 1867. Allow me to call your attention to my PREPARATION OF COMPOUND EXTRACT BUCHU. The compound parts are RHEUM, LOGS LAM, CUBES, JENIFFER BERRIES.

MOORE & PARFAROV, Buchu, in vacuo, Juniper Berries, by distillation, to form a fine gum, Cubes extracted by displacement by liquor obtained from Juniper Berries, containing very little sugar, a small proportion of spirit, and more palatable than any now in use. The active properties are by this mode extracted.

Buchu, as prepared by Druggists generally, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits its fragrance; the action of a tannin destroys this (its active principle), leaving a dark and glutinous decoction. Nine is the color of ingredients. The Buchu in my preparation predominates; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added to prevent fermentation; upon inspection, it will be found not to be a Tincture, as made in Pharmacy, nor it is a Syrup—and therefore can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exists. In this, you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.

With a feeling of confidence, I am, very respectfully,

H. T. HELMBOLD.

Chemist and Druggist of 16 Years' Experience in Philadelphia, and now located at his Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 504 Broadway, New York.

[From the largest Manufacturing Chemists in the World.]

"I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold; he occupies the Drug Store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise."

Firm of Powers & Weightman, Manufacturing Chemists, Ninth and Brown Streets, Philadelphia.

HELMOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, for weakness arising from indigestion. The exhausted powers of Nature which are accompanied by so many alarming symptoms, which will be found Indigestion to Exertion, Loss of Memory, Wakefulness, Horror of Disease, or Forebodings of Evil, in fact, Universal Lassitude, Prostration, and inability to enter into the enjoyment of society.

The Constitution, once affected with Organic Weakness, requires the aid of Medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity ensues.

HELMOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, in affections peculiar to Females, is unequalled by any other preparation, as in Chlorosis, or Retention, Painfulness, or Suppression of Customary Excretions, Ulcerated or Scirrhous State of the Uterus, and all complaints incident to the sex, whether arising from habits of dissipation, impudence in, or the decline of life.

HELMOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, as I discovered Rosé Wren will radically exterminate from the system diseases arising from habits of dissipation, at little expense, little or no charge in diet, no inconvenience or exposure; completely superseding those unpleasant and dangerous remedies, Copavia and Mercury, in all these diseases.

Use HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU in all diseases of these organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter how long standing. It is pleasant in taste and odor, "immediate" in action, and more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron.

Those suffering from broken-down or delicate constitutions, procure it at once.

The reader must be aware that, however slight may be the attack of the above diseases, it is certain to affect the bodily health and mental powers.

All the above diseases require the aid of a diuretic. HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU is the great Diuretic.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price—\$1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$6.50. Delivered to any address. Describe the symptoms in all communications.

Address H. T. HELMBOLD, Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 504 Broadway, N. Y.

None are genuine unless done up in steel-engraved wrapper, with facsimile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed

H. T. HELMBOLD.

dw-246-8

Twenty-five Years Practice

In the Treatment of Diseases incident to Females, has placed Dr. Dow at the head of all the physicians making such practice a specialty, and enables him to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure in the worst cases of Suppression and all other Menstrual Derangements, from whatever cause. All letters for advice must contain *ever*. Office, No. 9 Edinboro Street, Boston.

N. B. Board furnished to those desiring to remain under treatment.

Boston, July, 1868. 226 1vrdaw

WARD & BURNES,

Dealers in all kinds of

GROCERIES,

LAKE ST., ST. ALBANS.

First door above the St. Albans House, keep constantly on hand a full assortment of

FAMILY GROCERIES:

Consisting of

Flour, Meal, Provender, And Feed Of all kinds;

Pork, Fish, Ham, Sugar, Tea, and fresh Butter

And all sorts of articles usually kept in business of their kind. Highest cash price paid for all kinds of Country Produce.

GIVE US A CALL.

WANTED.—An Agent to make a thorough canvass of Franklin County in behalf of that old and reliable Life Insurance Company, The Phoenix Mutual, of Hartford

Conn. Liberal terms to an active, energetic agent. Address: N. G. AXTELL, Esq., Clinton Co., N. Y.

General Agent for Northern New York and Vermont. 207-4f

PLAID WOOL SHIRTS in large variety of styles, now opening at

WM. N. SMITH & CO'S.

SACK COATS FOR SPRING, go to

WM. N. SMITH & CO'S.

FULL Suits in large variety

at WM. N. SMITH & CO'S

SHIRTS and Drawers of all kinds now opening

at WM. N. SMITH & CO'S.

SOMETHING

NEAT AND NEW!

IN ST. ALBANS.

The Drug Store on Lake Street,

—KEPT BY—

GREENE & NICHOLS.